Here's a sweet witches spell for you!

"Mix up of self and others is achieved more easily in language than in life." I pluck this little spell from Anne Carson's *Eros the Bittersweet*. I got so excited when I first read it, and candidly wrote it down in my notebook.

In my research, I try to navigate identification in fiction. Every time I train my eyes to see the three separately, their constellation fizzes around. Reader and writer push at each other. At times, I feel animality from text too. And when I read this line and think, no wonder I am so disoriented, mix up of self and others *is* achieved more easily in language than in life. When in the depths of text, sometimes I can not tell myself apart from reader, writer, text.

There's a fantasy driven desire between reader, writer and text. The fantasy I am interested in is identification (mix up of self and others) only completely attainable in fiction (language). I don't imagine a lineal line between reader and text. More the intricate dimensions of a fictional kinship between reader, writer, text. What desires drive our fantasy to keep reaching out to text?

Loosing self can be a sweet spell to be put under. Still, disorientation tires. To locate myself better, I made a make-shift compass shaped as a triangle. The three points are reader, writer

and text. Using this compass, I first put myself in the position of a reader, facing text. Then I shift to look as a reader towards a writer. And finally, I make an attempt to locate myself as a writer. In all three instances I work with text that is close and dear to me.

I borrow from three separate texts: A scene from the horror mystery *Umineko When They Cry* by the artist group 07th expansion — two lines from the Emily Dickinson poem *Long Years apart—can make no* — and the setting of Ali Smith's *Artful*.

They represent questions that keep me wondering both as a reader and writer. I summarise my thoughts, feelings and reflections in the following three acts of witchcraft.